

Song of a Wanton Feigning Sheep

Up here
on the cold plateau
where the wind blows
 and the
food is sparse,
 rough gorse
and a little grass
 through the snow
I would be one of them,
 and pull up my collar
bend my head

because they do not know,
 down in the hot country
where the blood runs thin
 and swirls like absinthe
 in the head,
that they weigh the dice
 in the streets
and stack the blistering
 gorges with the dead . . .
or pretend not to

I speak civilly
 when spoken to,
and out of turn
 crowd closer to the trough,
knife buried deep
 in my cloak,
mimic their bleats, and wonder
 if they recognize in me
their own color.

guango

busted in the side of the jaw
they scattered his cartridges
 all over the sand;
(as he went down black
 in a windmill of thumbs
saw his hat float away
 toward a heavenly destination.)